THE POLYNESIAN.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT HONOLULU, OAHU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

J. J. JARVES, Editor. SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1841. Vol. 2.—No. 9.

POETRY.

NOW AND THEN.

BY JANE TAYLOR.

In distant days of wild romance,
Of magic mist and fable;
When stones could argue, trees advance,
And brutes to talk were able;
When shrubs and flowers were said to preach,
And manage all the parts of speech;

'Twas then, no doubt, if 'twas at all,
(But doubts we need not mention,)
That THEN and NOW, two adverbs small,
Engaged in sharp contention;
But how they made each other hear,
Tradition doth not make appear.

THEN was a sprite of subtle frame,
With rainbow tints invested;
On clouds of dazzling light she came,
And stars her forehead crested;
Her sparkling eye of azure hue,
Seemed borrowed from the distant blue.

Now rested on the solid earth,
And sober was her vesture;
He seldom either grief or mirth
Express'd by word or gesture;
Composed, sedate, and firm she stood,
And look'd industrious, calm, and good.

THEN, sang a wild fantastic song,
Light as the gale she flies on;
Still stretching, as she sail'd along,
Towards the fair horizon:
Where clouds of radiance fringed with gold,
O'er hills of emerald beauty roll'd.

Now, rarely rais'd her sober eye
To view that golden distance;
Nor let one idle minute fly
In hope of THEN's assistance;
But still with busy hands she stood,
Intent on doing *present* good.

She ate the sweet but homely fare
That passing moments brought her:
While THEN, expecting dainties rare,
Despised such bread and water:
And waited for the fruits and flowers
Of future, still receding hours.

Now, venturing once to ask her why,
She answered with invective;
And pointed, as she made reply.
Towards that long perspective
Of years to come, in distant blue,
Wherein she meant to *live* and *do*.

"Alas," says she, "How hard your toil,
With undiverted sadness;
Behold yon land of wine and oil,—
Those sunny hills of gladness;
Those joys I wait with eager brow,"
"And so you always will" said Now.

"That fairy land, that looks so real,
Recedes as you pursue it;
Thus while you wait for times ideal,
I take my work and do it;
Intent to form, when time is gone,
A pleasant past to look upon."

"Ah, well," said THEN, "I envy not
Your dull fatiguing labors;
Aspiring to a brighter lot,
With thousands of my neighbors,
Soon as I reach the golden hill;—"
"But that," says Now, "you never will."

"And e'en suppose you should," said she,
"(Though mortal e'er attain'd it,)—
Your nature you must change with me
The moment you have gained it;
Since hope fulfilled, (you must allow,)
Turns NOW to THEN, and THEN to NOW."

SELECTED.

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

SALT WATER BUBBLES.

BY HAWSER MARTINGALE.

A HINT TO MEN OF HONOR—OR A DUEL IN STYLE.

THE practice of fighting duels with sword and pistol, as carried on so extensively at the South and West in the present day, when we boast of having made rapid progress in civilization, is a poor and unprofitable business, to say the least—and sometimes a dangerous one into the bargain. It is an unpleasant thing, surely, to a kind and benevolent man, to be compelled by the laws of honor, to turn a deaf ear to the whisperings of conscience and benevolence, and strive to kill a respectable man, a good citizen—nay more, perhaps a neighbor or a friend—and some would consider it still more unpleasant to receive, while in the full enjoyment of health, social comforts, and domestic happiness, a bullet in the thorax, or a small sword or a bowie knife through the diaphragm. But as long as "honorable men" conceive themselves bound to fight their neighbors and friends with such murderous weapons, on slight provocations, so long, it may reasonably be expected, will duelling be attended with such disagreeable such *disgusting* results.

I have never fought a duel, and think it highly probable that I never shall fight one. My reasons are briefly these:

Firstly, I have an instinctive repugnance to exposing my own precious person, where the chances are equal that I may receive my quietus by a lump of lead, impelled by gunpowder. Secondly, My life, I have reason to believe is necessary to the comfort and happiness of others—consequently I have *no right* to peril it in this way without the consent of others—a consent which I have the vanity to think cannot be obtained. Thirdly, Duelling is a savage custom, unworthy of the present age—and it is the duty of every man who has any pretensions to civilization or refinement, to exert all his influence by precept and example to set the seal of public odium upon this barbarous practice, which had its origin in the dark ages—and Fourthly, Duelling is a practice directly opposed to the laws of man and the laws of God. It is therefore extremely unlikely that I shall ever seek satisfaction for an insult by standing up in fair combat, and shooting my antagonist through the head, or courting a favor of this description from him.

It may be unreasonable to suppose that the high-spirited citizens of the South and West, will ever relinquish this absurd custom of duelling—because "they are all honorable men"—and none but honorable men fight duels. The most we can expect is, that they will submit to some qualification of the present rules of honor, and perhaps agree to substitute some other means of deciding who is the "better man," than those which are furnished by gunpowder and lead and steel I recollect of hearing some years ago of a mode of settling a dispute on shipboard, where both the combatants were "men of honor" and the duel was fought with unmilitary weapons—without actual danger to life, and yet was conducted in a manner which satisfactorily established the intrepidity and vindictiveness of both the combatants, and was attended with a result which would satisfy the most tenacious and choleric man of honor Such being the effect of the experiment, I would most respectfully urge it upon the attention of all the honorable readers of the Mercantile Journal, and recommend its adoption by all men who feel any inclination to settle honorable disputes with honorable warfare. I believe that all men will admit that the plan adopted on this occasion is far better calculated to give satisfaction, than to cut one another's throats, or to shoot one another through the head—and in making it known I conceive that Hawser Martingale is entitled to the thanks of a philanthropic community.

On board the ship Macomacon of Providence, R. I., there was a chap, a thorough *gentleman*, by the way, named Jim Peacock. How Jim ever came to be before the mast it is impossible to tell, as he prided himself much on the respectability of his connexions, and often talked for a whole dog watch about the property which he expected shortly to inherit. His wardrobe was somewhat limited to be sure, notwithstanding which, by means of a high shirt collar, bushy whiskers, curling love-locks, a second-handed and threadbare coatee, and an ivory-headed switch, he continued to cut quite a dash whenever he went ashore in a foreign port, and to sport the air and manners of a thorough-bred gentleman. Indeed he was so neat and trim in his dress whenever he went ashore, although he was careless enough of these things on board, that the ship's company nicknamed him "Dandy Jim"

Now Dandy Jim, notwithstanding he was so much of a gentleman, was the laziest fellow on board—and could play the old soldier in a style that would have done credit to a "waister" in a man-of-war. He was fond of good eating, too—and on the passage out was always hanging about the galley, with a view to beg from the cook or steward, or steal, some delicacy which was denied the fore-mast hands. He was soon cured of this foible, however, by the cook, who one day while he was bearing off some "spoils," which he had filched, in the shape of a couple of hard-boiled eggs, the cook threw into his neck a panakin of boiling water, which caused him to roar like a half-slaughtered pig, and to his great grief loosened the better end of one of his whiskers, which gave his phiz a queer appearance.

One day it was old Ben Gangway's trick at the wheel during dinner; and one of Ben's watchmates, as in duty bound, cut off a generous slice of "duff," and set it aside for Ben. Then they all turned to on the remainder, with a will, and it was soon demolished. In due time Ben was relieved, and came forward as hungry as a tiger—anticipating an excellent dinner—but it then appeared that the portion which had been saved for him and carefully set aside, had most unaccountably disappeared—and poor Ben Gangway was obliged to go without dinner, or resort to the expedient of the North American bear in the winter time, and suck his paws. But Ben, although a good sailor and an honest man, was no philosopher, and did not submit with resignation to his hungry fate. He grumbled a good deal, and by dint of close enquiries and circumstantial evidence, he convinced himself and the whole ship's company, that Dandy Jim had feloniously obtained possession of his prog, and had, without so much as saying, "by your leave," disposed of it for his own comfort and advantage.

On learning this, Ben's indignation was very great—for there are few things more annoying, or better calculated to disturb the equanimity of one's temper, than to be robbed of a dinner—especially if particularly hungry—as, unfortunately for Jim, happened to be the case with Ben. He was not a man of many words, but what he did say was generally to the point. He merely called Jim a good-for-nothing, lazy, gluttonous rascal, who was not worth his salt, and no sailor. He then seized him by the ears, and seemed for a few moments resolved to ascertain whether he could lengthen them by pulling. The experiment was probably unsatisfactory, for he let go his hold of them in a few moments, and with the flat of his hand he gave Dandy Jim a blow, such as the French call a *soufflet*, which caused Jim to hear a strange medley of confused sounds, and sent him reeling against the windlass-butts.

Such unceremonious and uncivil treatment displeased Jim very much—all his *gentle* blood was roused within him. He looked death and defiance at Ben—and assured him on his *honor* that he should not put up with such an insult with impunity—"but," said he, "I will not fight you with fists, but with nobler weapons—with weapons such as only gentlemen use. And I now demand satisfaction for the insult you have put upon me—an insult which no man of honor can brook—and challenge you to single combat."

Ben cooly told him that he would fight him, either as a gentleman or a blackguard, at any place, or at any time, with any weapons which he might select—that it was equally indifferent to him whether the weapons were fists, marlinspikes, jackknives, heavers, capstan-bars, handspikes, or cook's tormenters—that he was ready to fight him with any weapon ever invented to take the life of man, from a sail-needle down to a howitzer."

Such a determined and *gentlemanly* spirit on the part of Ben Gangway, who was one of the roughest specimens of manhood that ever put two ends of a rope together, was altogether unexpected by Dandy Jim—and there is no knowing what course the matter might have taken, if Captain Sheavehole had not listened to the dispute, and being a dear lover of fun, and familiar with all the laws of honor, had not interfered, and, having just read the works of a distinguished Scotch novelist, suggested an expedient which met with the hearty approval of both combatants. He told them that as both were gentlemen of unblemished honor, and desirous of acting in this affair in a manner becoming honorable men, the proper course for them to adopt was to fight with pistol, rifle, or sword. "Now," said he, "there are none of these weapons on board, except such as belong to me—and although I should be happy to oblige you, it might not be deemed proper by others, especially those who know nothing about the code of honor, that I should furnish you with weapons with which to murder each other. But as it is absolutely necessary that this business should be settled as soon as possible, I would suggest that each of you, gentlemen, should arm himself with a capacious *pipe*—and I have some fine ones in the cabin, which I will loan you with pleasure for this purpose—charge them to the muzzle with brimstone and assafœtida, retire to some close and secluded nook in the forecastle or the half-deck, and then, seated on blocks of wood, or on sea-chests, face each other manfully, and puff away in each other's face; and whoever first *funks* out, shall be regarded as vanquished and defunct—a victim on the bed of honor!

This proposition was made with a grave face—and as it precluded the possibility of shedding blood, Dandy Jim listened to it eagerly, and assented to it with une-